Wants—Miscellaneous.

WANTED—A Partner—Wanted by a practical Printer, with $1,000 to $1,500, to take an interest in a well established Job Office in a thriving city in Illinois. Address, with real name, "PRINTER," Box 5,971, Chicago P. O.

WANTED—To Commission Men. A situation as bookkeeper is wanted by a young man who has had two years' experience in the commission business. Address "BOOKKEEPER," Box 74, Chicago P. O.

WANTED—Live men to sell a new and useful article. Address "C. S. WOODWORTH," Box 5,971, Chicago P. O.

WANTED—To see parties who desire to manufacture per cent profits. Inquire at 115 Lake st., Room 3.

WANTED—Agents—$75 per week. FAMILY SEWING MACHINE CO. have a new and valuable machine, and want agents. Address, for circulars, 181 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—Agents—Wanted, Agents in every county in the United States, to sell the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. Address WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Agents—In town and country, to sell the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. Address WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Two farmers, to cultivate 80 acres of land. Inquire at 115 Lake st., Room 3.

WANTED—A Little House of six or seven rooms, on the north or south side, and must have all modern conveniences. Address, stating terms and location, "HOUSE," Box 5,971, Chicago P. O.

WANTED—Agents—In town and country, to sell the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. Address WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Agents—$175 per week. FAMILY SEWING MACHINE CO. have a new and valuable machine, and want agents. Address, for circulars, 181 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—Agents—$115 per week. LAND SEALS and THE IMPROVED SEWING MACHINE. Address BAIRD & CO., P. O. Box 24, Chicago, Ill. Address BAIRD & CO., P. O. Box 24, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Agents—The Great Family Medicine, combining in one vegetable preparation, Cathartic, Diuretic, Diaphoretic, Alterative and Tonic properties. Address DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

WANTED—All Married Ladies and those contemplating marriage, to send for a free sample of the best corset in the world. Address, with stamp, Box 5,971, Chicago P. O.

WANTED—5,000 second hand Cotton or Domestic bags, for which we will pay the highest cash price. Address, stating number, price, etc., "BAGS," Box 5,971, Chicago P. O.

WANTED—A purchaser for a first-class Grocery Business, now doing a cash trade of $1,000 per month. A rare chance to purchase a well established business. Address "GROCERY," Box 5,971, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—$1,500 per year. We want a man in every county to sell our Family Medicines. Salary or commission. Address, with stamp, for particulars, DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

WANTED—Agents—$200 a month. Will pay Agents $200 a month, or allow large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address, for particulars, M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

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Chicago Tribune.

DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY.

OFFICE, NO. 51 CLARK STREET.

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Address "CHICAGO TRIBUNE," Chicago, Ill.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 10, 1866.

TAMMANY AND NEW ORLEANS.

The *New Jersey* Democrat who still votes every four years for Andrew Jackson has been supposed to be a myth. His counterpart is found, however, in that interesting old section of Gotham of the Shorian formation which assembles annually to celebrate the battle of New Orleans—and the gallant, intrepid and heroic battle wherein Admiral *Farragut* led his fleet up through the galling tempest of leaden death, as it poured upon them from the rebel forts Jackson and St. Philip,—not of the battle wherein Capt. Boggs, of the Varuna, fought a dozen or more iron-clad rebel crafts, fitted out by the Southern "Democracy." There is no debasement to which a denial of that law would not sink us. Therefore we, as strict and earnest conservatives, will be content with nothing short of the full acceptance of that law, as the paramount rule of our public life.

Though we feel warmly in the case, we have none of those fiery bowelings, terminating in darkness, which make the usual good of those who are called Conservatives. We have faith in God and in our nation. It has laid hold of the key of Providence and opened the prison door, and it will not shut it again. If any individuals choose to go back, let them go, if they can. The nation knows what it means, and they cannot shut the door, and as the millions come to it—on—on—on, if need be—they will at last fall into line. And they will be welcome. The deliverance is for all men.

Our confidence of the future of the nation does not rest merely upon our assurance, that it will upon the whole be true to the principle of its life. A man does not become such a fool. But our courage needed no such testimony.

Under these circumstances it is the height of folly to pretend that any good result whatever accrued from this fatal mistake, and only an amazing stupidity can pretend that it had any effect to close a war which had already closed a month before it was fought or to guarantee rights which had already been settled, and to protect a people whose frontier, when, had not Jackson precipitated the conflict, the same week would have witnessed the peaceful withdrawal of the British forces.

Yet the Tammany Society of New York, who have the audacity to call the battle of New Orleans, which restored the Federal flag to that city and delivered it from a foul rebellion, three years ago, religiously venerate the undertaking and blunder which sacrificed thousands of lives to no purpose whatever half a century ago.

The Tammany Society, whose members played the Sneak and the Tory, or fought the Union cause and mail to its efforts to preserve a national life and liberties but yesterday, solemnly adores the heroic blunders of a past dead epoch. Can no inspired voice teach us or God such—Tammany, these footlings, and retarded—these unsettled—these unskilled Pardys, the antediluvian Barlow, the pre-adamite Belmont and Tweed of the stone formation, and Sweeney of the Devonian period, to either be quiet in their graves or else to come forth in their resurrection garments, and not mock the daylight with stultifying specters of the dead.

The United State in the Union has now a baker's dozen of military men, whose achievements reflect far more lustre upon the history of this country than Jackson's Battle of New Orleans, a thousand events of the last war better deserve commemoration, and half a million of men now living better deserve the practical homage of the Sachems of Tammany. But they defer to that rebel sentiment which sneered from Jackson's monument the inscription "Liberty and Union are one," and in deference to that sentiment refuse to celebrate the victories won over domestic traitors in behalf of union and liberty but seek some battle or blunder of a half century back in which Southerners took an honorable part. As well refuse to celebrate the Fourth day of July, which Tammanie named after that of Queen Anne's war, because no Englishman can participate in the more recent occasion, or gobble still farther back, lest even the commemoration of a battle in the French and Indian wars might wound the feelings of the French and the Indians, let the Tammany Society celebrate the Crusade, or the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, or the Fall of Ancient Troy. To prove that we do not misinterpret the spirit of the Tammany celebration we quote from the letters of Jesse Van Buren and Andrew Johnson—now first published in connection with that event. Says the latter:

"Since the establishment of the society in 1789, it has commemorated those events in the history of our people, and given utterance to the feelings of our people, and strengthened our devotion to our glorious institutions, in a more appropriate, more or important than on the great triumph of the late rebellion—a rebellion founded upon treachery and prosecuted with a ferocity unknown to civilized warfare."

The proud and civil strife has arisen due to cele brations, of opposite sections of our country, which are designed to commemorate the victories of brethren, and of the same people, and to prove by that the Tammany Society heads the advent of a new era in our history, and to assert which no achievements in our subsequent history, at home and abroad, can ever have counted brighter, in every portion of our glorious Republic, than the battle of valor, pride and gratification.

Jesse Van Buren's Tammany replies:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8, 1866.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your invitation to join the Ancient Society of Tammany, of an approaching anniversary of the great continental victories of the 8th of January, 1815, and to be present at the festival. I am truly grateful for the kind remembrance of the hero of a great victory, who, in field and council, so signally illustrated the liberties of the Union of the States, and won for himself enduring emblems of fame, and for his country, without a parallel, in the past, and I regret that the duties of the Executive will not permit me to be present at the festival, as an event to which, as you justly remark, assembled brethren from every portion of the republic can repair with equal pride and gratification.

The inspiration derived from the contemplation of the great events of the past, and the lessons of the traditions sacredly cherished by every American citizen, will be of great service, as important duties, during the institutions of sectional violence are stranding the foundations of national unity, and the maintenance and preservation of which is all we desire of party, was the sole aim of the intrepid and honored patriots of the days of Jackson.

With great respect, sincerely yours,

Hon. John Van Buren, Chairman, &c., &c., New York.

CONSERVATISM.

We are called Radicals, and we do not quarrel with the name. One must be something less than man, who would not be radical now. When a whole structure of society and Government, under which twelve millions of people lived, has fallen on account of radical defect in the foundation, we should be ashamed to be found trying to replace the quicksand and to relay the crushed fragments of the old rotten sleepers. When the roots are laid bare, a man's work is at the roots.

But we are conservative after the most straitest sect, and that is the reason why we are straight Republicans. Some people seem to think that the only conservative element in the world is salt. Salt is very good to preserve dead things. If all we wish is to keep the lifeless things until it is convenient to eat them, there is nothing better for our purpose. Salt will check the processes of nature and preserve the form of death. But if we have a live horse, and wish to keep him galloping and shying at the mud and the mire down the vista, in his case, means clover and corn, exercise and training. If a State is dead or dying of incurable consumption, as Rome was when Julius Cæsar undertook its care, it wants salt; we must have something to check the morbid action which we cannot cure, so that the sick man shall be as long in dying as possible. In the old Roman Republic the arrogant spirit of aristocracy had gone on until it domineered over the world, and of course it still farther back, lost even the commemorative spirit in the battle in the French and Indian wars might wound the feelings of the French and the Indians, let the Tammany Society celebrate the Crusade, or the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, or the Fall of Ancient Troy. To prove that we do not misinterpret the spirit of the Tammany celebration we quote from the letters of Jesse Van Buren and Andrew Johnson—now first published in connection with that event.

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REBELS IN MEXICO.

Visit to a Confederate Colony—"Pap" Price, Gov. Harris, &c.

The New York *Tribune* of Saturday, contains a long letter from Cordova, in Mexico, where is located the new Confederate colony, who have gone to that country to seek the "rights" which they failed to obtain in the rebel States. The district of Cordova, in which this colony has been established, contains about 27,000 inhabitants. It is bounded on the east by the district of Vera Cruz, on the north by Jalapa, and on the west and south by Orizaba. Its area is calculated at 924 square leagues. The city of Cordova contains about 19,000 souls, mostly of mixed blood. The houses are low, strongly built, massive in their proportions, "with pillars in front as a protection against earthquakes." The correspondent first paid a visit to Dr. Judge Perkins of Louisiana, who had been appointed agent for the district of Cordova, by Gen. Magruder. The Judge received him with cordiality, and said he was always glad to see "a croaking that it wished Giant Despair, and hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, fell his mate to fall, for his fin took him again, so that he could by no means go after them." We stand by the open gate; there is the poor giant writhing in his fits. We see how one word has hurt him, and how fearfully he raves of what he would do if he could. Shall we take back the sword which has made him so much trouble, and go and comfort the sufferer until the gate shuts back again upon the prisoners, and the giant is a giant again, and we have restored "the Union as it was?"

That is not what we understand by conservatism. We believe that our nation has a living soul; and that the word of life for that soul is: "Thou shalt by nay nothing but good." Our nation exists simply to embody that law, and to execute it by its power in our own domain, and by its influence all over the world. There is no national greatness to which that law will not raise us. There is no debasement to which a denial of that law would not sink us. Therefore we, as strict and earnest conservatives, will be content with nothing short of the full acceptance of that law, as the paramount rule of our public life.

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With great respect, sincerely yours,

A COMING MAN.

When black insanity is an instant of time accomplishes musical feats that white sanity cannot manage in a life time, and a black man boards as a Presidential office house and shivers his hall bench for want of argument in a half minute of common sense, it is time to stop and consider whither we are drifting, and to devise some means for the suppression of this boy, blind leader, and this mad Douglas, whose eyes are open.

We call upon the Grass and Maretzeka and Ullmanns, the singing schools and church choirs, to suppress this man. We call upon suppression of this idiot, who encompasses without brains more than they can with them, before the sceptre slips from their grasp and a tyrant again, and we have restored "the Union as it was."

The Judge had decided never to set his foot again in the United States; he did not believe a Southern could ever live in this country again. The correspondent informed the Judge of the object of his visit, viz., to see the Confederate colony of Mexico. To this the Judge replied, "I am interested, and called a rebel soldier, standing at hand, and ordered him to fetch two horses. The appearance of the horses did not favorably impress the correspondent as to the flourishing condition of the colony. The animals were poor, and very diminutive in size. They stumbled several times on the way, and were so hard of mouth, "that a steam engine could not have stopped them." The correspondent, during the ride to the colony the correspondent inquired, he captured by the magnificence of the landscape around him," and "each step revealed new beauties to the view." The mahogany, the wild cocoa tree, palm trees with their fan-like leaves, the iron oak, the tapotillo, the galanda, the balsam and other precious trees lined their roads. In the midst of them fields of lime, banana, pineapple, orange and lemon trees enlivened the sight and smell. A soft breeze, impregnated with the perfume of thousands of flowers and trees, refreshed the atmosphere," and "hundreds of birds of most brilliant plumage, "voluptuously bathing in their radiant fragment, added, by their song, to the enchanting scene. The judge, of course, "shared the admiration produced upon the correspondent" by such a sight," and he "could not blame him" if they declined returning to the States." "Where," burst out the Judge, "could we find, tell me, any spot comparable to this? Not, indeed, in any part of the country we have left." Stepping down, suddenly from the ideal to the real, the Judge gives the correspondent the following figures, which, we must confess, have a pleasant look on paper:

Here the farmer gets two, sometimes three, crops of corn in a year, which he sells, on the spot at $1 a bushel, sometimes $2, and sometimes $3. Let us take the lowest figure. Suppose that you should have a patch of 100 acres planted with corn, and that you should get 60 bushels each crop and 120 bushels for two crops in a year. At the end of the year you have pocketed your $12,000, upon which you only have to deduct, perhaps $2,000 for hired labor and other expenses. Net profit, $10,000.

History will probably confirm or condemn the Judge's figures.

"But," put in the correspondent, "don't you include in the expenses of settlement the bonding and fencing?"

And the Judge replies:

"There is no need of either in these fortunate regions," and then "these bamboos" added he, striking with the stick he held in his hand as large as my leg, "four rows of this and a bunch of grass will make you as good a house as any log cabin. What say you to that, my friend, as to fencing, this indispensable auxiliary of your Northern agriculture?" "Nothing certainly unknown here. Those who have set out a hedge have also set a man to watch over them, and a hedge is a hedge, and a man is a man. Those keeping pigs have either a pen for that purpose or tie the animal to a tree; so there is no danger of having your fields visited by destructive animals."

While he was listening to the Judge, the sight of the correspondent was arrested by an unfinished house, a story high, and four or five tents pitched along a road which led from the colony." "You are pleased," said Mr. Perkins "at these tents, my gallant friend, they are all his chattels, dear. Harris, Col. White and others. His house is the nucleus of a city we have called Carlotta, in honor of the Empress. The tents you see have been brought from the Trans-Mississippi. They were the gallant soldiers who are assisting us and co-operating with us in the foundation of this settlement. They are the intended lords of the soil, and richer and more numerous; they will then make room for more substantial buildings."

"In a few minutes," continued the Judge, "with the assistance of our negs, we reached the only house adjoining the small colored cottage. Gov. Harris planing, and a few Indians sawing planks on the floor. When we entered the house Harris suspended his planing and coming to us said with a smile, "Is it to the carpenter or to the Governor you wish to speak?" "To a judge I have come to see, sir, either." He then introduced me, and the conversation turned generally, to about a quarter of an hour time. Price made his appearance. He received me with great cordiality, and he was glad to see me, and then asked me where I was coming from. The words Northern States seemed to awaken his attention. "We are," he inquired, "hearing concerning the intentions of the United States towards Mexico. We do not believe, however, that they will interfere with this country. What they wish is to annoy us, and make the French dissatisfied. It is not likely they will succeed." He then proceeded to make arguments used by Gov. Perkins on that subject, and said that Maximilian was too firmly established to run any risk. All the Confederates were exceedingly friendly to the Emperor, and that he had "gained all the hearts of the people." He also spoke in high terms of the prosperity of the country. It is quite a growing suspicion both in the mind and heart of the people, and that it is a man and entitled to that "generality" of the Declaration which has never yet "glittered" for him, that "all men are created equal."

NOT A CANDIDATE.

"Not any more, I thank you," says the bibulous man in the play, while he holds out his glass toward the gentleman with the bottle. "Not any more for the Presidency, I thank you," says Mr. Andrew Johnson to the numerous visitors who call on him now-a-days. "Don't you see he has had all he wants?" remarks a bystander. "What a pretty play it is, and how the spectators are deluded, to be sure!

When a public man begins to decline a nomination for the Presidency that has not been offered to him by the unanimous voice of all his fellow citizens, it is a sure indication that he wants somebody to press it upon him—to embarass him with it—to put him in an awkward position, and to force him to accept it as an urgent shunt it, and all that. There is no coquettie, like your politician, especially if he has had one taste of the Presidency, and more especially if he is bidding for votes outside of his own party.

A SEVERE INFLICTION.

Franklin Pierce indorses the President's policy. This is the unkindest cut of all. The adverse vote of every Northern State except Connecticut, the adverse resolutions of every Republican convention, and the adverse vote of Congress, are trifles to the confidence of both Houses of Congress, added to the approval of Northern Copperheads and Southern rebels, would be enough to consign any American politician to the touch of the Lapsus; but the indorsement of Poor Pierce is adding insult to injury. But misery loves company. Poor Pierce, and the treacherous Buchanan and all the other men up and down, crept out each-aways who sold to the South their birthright for a mess of pottage, begin to scrape in Father Andrew Johnson, and

"His fellow feeling makes them wondrous kind."

"A fair relief."

A WARD.

The TRIBUNE Company having opened their columns for a free discussion of the tariff question, pro and con, I have availed myself of the privilege offered to others, and have written a number of articles signed "Protection." In behalf of the protective policy.

As many persons have ascertained the name of the writer, I deem it useless to further employ an anonymous signature, and hereafter, will be the quantities remains an open one to correspondence. I shall write over my own signature.

JOSEPH MEDILL.

Shocking Affair—Man Buried Alive.

From the Memphis Appeal (21) Union Sts.

A shocking affair, which seems incredible, but is vouched for to us from so many sources that we can but feel satisfied of its truth, although we have not been able to learn full particulars, occurred in this city on Friday night last. We have the story as it comes to us, and leave it to the reader to form his own conclusions of what weight they may. The tale runs that a returned soldier was found frozen in the streets on Friday night, and taken to a house where he laid several days before burial. Some days after his interment, while some were engaged in the house, they heard strange sounds which frightened them that they left the cemetery. On their return to the house they found the coffin under the lamentation of the wife of the deceased, who, on investigating the matter, found that her husband had been buried alive. The coffin was opened, and the body found partially warm. Medical aid was procured, but all efforts to restore animation proved unavailing. The unfortunate man had been buried alive, and had died from suffocation.

At De Soto, Jackson, a fatal affray occurred on the 1st instant. A dispute of words arose between the county court from the town, and fired to being on a fight which resulted in the death of the latter. Both were connected, and a general row was the result. In the melee, a man named Martin, one of the spectators of the fight, was killed by a pistol shot in the hands of one of the party at loggerheads. Several persons were badly hurt.

REBELS IN MEXICO.

Visit to a Confederate Colony—"Pap" Price, Gov. Harris, &c.

The New York *Tribune* of Saturday, contains a long letter from Cordova, in Mexico, where is located the new Confederate colony, who have gone to that country to seek the "rights" which they failed to obtain in the rebel States. The district of Cordova, in which this colony has been established, contains about 27,000 inhabitants. It is bounded on the east by the district of Vera Cruz, on the north by Jalapa, and on the west and south by Orizaba. Its area is calculated at 924 square leagues. The city of Cordova contains about 19,000 souls, mostly of mixed blood. The houses are low, strongly built, massive in their proportions, "with pillars in front as a protection against earthquakes." The correspondent first paid a visit to Dr. Judge Perkins of Louisiana, who had been appointed agent for the district of Cordova, by Gen. Magruder. The Judge received him with cordiality, and said he was always glad to see "a croaking that it wished Giant Despair, and hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, fell his mate to fall, for his fin took him again, so that he could by no means go after them." We stand by the open gate; there is the poor giant writhing in his fits. We see how one word has hurt him, and how fearfully he raves of what he would do if he could. Shall we take back the sword which has made him so much trouble, and go and comfort the sufferer until the gate shuts back again upon the prisoners, and the giant is a giant again, and we have restored "the Union as it was?"

That is not what we understand by conservatism. We believe that our nation has a living soul; and that the word of life for that soul is: "Thou shalt by nay nothing but good." Our nation exists simply to embody that law, and to execute it by its power in our own domain, and by its influence all over the world. There is no national greatness to which that law will not raise us. There is no debasement to which a denial of that law would not sink us. Therefore we, as strict and earnest conservatives, will be content with nothing short of the full acceptance of that law, as the paramount rule of our public life.

Though we feel warmly in the case, we have none of those fiery bowelings, terminating in darkness, which make the usual good of those who are called Conservatives. We have faith in God and in our nation. It has laid hold of the key of Providence and opened the prison door, and it will not shut it again. If any individuals choose to go back, let them go, if they can. The nation knows what it means, and they cannot shut the door, and as the millions come to it—on—on—on, if need be—they will at last fall into line. And they will be welcome. The deliverance is for all men.

Our confidence of the future of the nation does not rest merely upon our assurance, that it will upon the whole be true to the principle of its life. A man does not become such a fool. But our courage needed no such testimony.

Under these circumstances it is the height of folly to pretend that any good result whatever accrued from this fatal mistake, and only an amazing stupidity can pretend that it had any effect to close a war which had already closed a month before it was fought or to guarantee rights which had already been settled, and to protect a people whose frontier, when, had not Jackson precipitated the conflict, the same week would have witnessed the peaceful withdrawal of the British forces.

Yet the Tammany Society of New York, who have the audacity to call the battle of New Orleans, which restored the Federal flag to that city and delivered it from a foul rebellion, three years ago, religiously venerate the undertaking and blunder which sacrificed thousands of lives to no purpose whatever half a century ago.

The Tammany Society, whose members played the Sneak and the Tory, or fought the Union cause and mail to its efforts to preserve a national life and liberties but yesterday, solemnly adores the heroic blunders of a past dead epoch. Can no inspired voice teach us or God such—Tammany, these footlings, and retarded—these unsettled—these unskilled Pardys, the antediluvian Barlow, the pre-adamite Belmont and Tweed of the stone formation, and Sweeney of the Devonian period, to either be quiet in their graves or else to come forth in their resurrection garments, and not mock the daylight with stultifying specters of the dead.

The United State in the Union has now a baker's dozen of military men, whose achievements reflect far more lustre upon the history of this country than Jackson's Battle of New Orleans, a thousand events of the last war better deserve commemoration, and half a million of men now living better deserve the practical homage of the Sachems of Tammany. But they defer to that rebel sentiment which sneered from Jackson's monument the inscription "Liberty and Union are one," and in deference to that sentiment refuse to celebrate the victories won over domestic traitors in behalf of union and liberty but seek some battle or blunder of a half century back in which Southerners took an honorable part. As well refuse to celebrate the Fourth day of July, which Tammanie named after that of Queen Anne's war, because no Englishman can participate in the more recent occasion, or gobble still farther back, lest even the commemoration of a battle in the French and Indian wars might wound the feelings of the French and the Indians, let the Tammany Society celebrate the Crusade, or the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, or the Fall of Ancient Troy. To prove that we do not misinterpret the spirit of the Tammany celebration we quote from the letters of Jesse Van Buren and Andrew Johnson—now first published in connection with that event.

Says the latter:

"Since the establishment of the society in 1789, it has commemorated those events in the history of our people, and given utterance to the feelings of our people, and strengthened our devotion to our glorious institutions, in a more appropriate, more or important than on the great triumph of the late rebellion—a rebellion founded upon treachery and prosecuted with a ferocity unknown to civilized warfare."

The proud and civil strife has arisen due to cele brations, of opposite sections of our country, which are designed to commemorate the victories of brethren, and of the same people, and to prove by that the Tammany Society heads the advent of a new era in our history, and to assert which no achievements in our subsequent history, at home and abroad, can ever have counted brighter, in every portion of our glorious Republic, than the battle of valor, pride and gratification.

Jesse Van Buren's Tammany replies:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8, 1866.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your invitation to join the Ancient Society of Tammany, of an approaching anniversary of the great continental victories of the 8th of January, 1815, and to be present at the festival. I am truly grateful for the kind remembrance of the hero of a great victory, who, in field and council, so signally illustrated the liberties of the Union of the States, and won for himself enduring emblems of fame, and for his country, without a parallel, in the past, and I regret that the duties of the Executive will not permit me to be present at the festival, as an event to which, as you justly remark, assembled brethren from every portion of the republic can repair with equal pride and gratification.

The inspiration derived from the contemplation of the great events of the past, and the lessons of the traditions sacredly cherished by every American citizen, will be of great service, as important duties, during the institutions of sectional violence are stranding the foundations of national unity, and the maintenance and preservation of which is all we desire of party, was the sole aim of the intrepid and honored patriots of the days of Jackson.

With great respect, sincerely yours,

CONSERVATISM.

We are called Radicals, and we do not quarrel with the name. One must be something less than man, who would not be radical now. When a whole structure of society and Government, under which twelve millions of people lived, has fallen on account of radical defect in the foundation, we should be ashamed to be found trying to replace the quicksand and to relay the crushed fragments of the old rotten sleepers. When the roots are laid bare, a man's work is at the roots.

But we are conservative after the most straitest sect, and that is the reason why we are straight Republicans. Some people seem to think that the only conservative element in the world is salt. Salt is very good to preserve dead things. If all we wish is to keep the lifeless things until it is convenient to eat them, there is nothing better for our purpose. Salt will check the processes of nature and preserve the form of death. But if we have a live horse, and wish to keep him galloping and shying at the mud and the mire down the vista, in his case, means clover and corn, exercise and training. If a State is dead or dying of incurable consumption, as Rome was when Julius Cæsar undertook its care, it wants salt; we must have something to check the morbid action which we cannot cure, so that the sick man shall be as long in dying as possible. In the old Roman Republic the arrogant spirit of aristocracy had gone on until it domineered over the world, and of course it still farther back, lost even the commemorative spirit in the battle in the French and Indian wars might wound the feelings of the French and the Indians, let the Tammany Society celebrate the Crusade, or the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, or the Fall of Ancient Troy. To prove that we do not misinterpret the spirit of the Tammany celebration we quote from the letters of Jesse Van Buren and Andrew Johnson—now first published in connection with that event.

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WHAT THE DESTRUCTIVE TARIFF OF 1857 HAS DONE.

I might draw a picture of the financial prosperity of the countries of Europe, and of another embrace of British Free Trade, which would be a picture of misery and ruin. But I will not draw it, for it is in our recent experience that every body remembers it. Every man who could get work at 50 cents per day, to keep soul and body together, was glad to do it. Every man who could swallow 25 by mouth, relighted thousands of furnaces, and set thousands of mills and shops in motion, followed new life into all kinds of business in the land. Every man who could get a bale of cotton, or a bushel of wheat, had cash to pay for manufactured goods, and the trade of the country was prosperous and active. Every man who could get a dollar for his labor, or for the products of his farm, was happy and contented. Every man who could get a dollar for his labor, or for the products of his farm, was happy and contented. Every man who could get a dollar for his labor, or for the products of his farm, was happy and contented.

OBITUARY.

John Neal, second son of the late Gov. Neal, of Maine, died in that city on the 25th inst., in the 70th year of his age. Col. Neal was a native of Portland, and was educated at Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1817. He was a lawyer by profession, and was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1824. He was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1824. He was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1824. He was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1824.

Q. What was the consumption of tea and of coffee per head in the United States one hundred and twenty-five years ago?

A. I do not know it, but think it was less than one pound.

Q. Do you know this to be true?

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THE CITY.

...ERSHAL.—Major General W. T. Sherman and staff arrived yesterday morning in the city, and stopped during the day at the Tremont House. He will leave this morning for St. Louis.

...RESPONDENT.—We are requested to state that the watch presented to Usher U. P. Harris was the gift of Madame Bateman, not of a number [illegible] as the reporter at the Treasury of [illegible].

...DAY EVENT.—Received from Mr. Rudolph, of the Kirby & Loon Billiard Saloon Troupe, Mo last new song and dance, "Young Rob's Jubilee," published by Root & Cady. It is a very spirited production.

COMMON COUNCIL.—A special meeting of the Common Council will be held Monday evening for the purpose of considering the propositions to build an Opera House on Market, Dearborn & Clark streets, to take tunnel contract, and to the consolidation of police forces.

PERSONAL.—Governor Oglesby, and Brig. Gen. O. B. Ransom, of Springfield, Major General Sheridan, General W. S. Hancock, Col. A. P. Robinson, and Col. W. C. Smith, of the Regular Army, Colonel Strong, Mr. Charles J. Harris, of Adrian, Superintendent of the Michigan Southern Railroad, is stopping at the Sherman House.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.—Messrs. Duffee & Parrott, two enterprising young men of our city, will open their new and neat little establishment, No. 207½ State-st., on Saturday next. They will keep a large assortment of cigars, and will supply retailers at fair wholesale rates. They have been in business but a short time, but have already a large trade, which they only got by strict attention to business.

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THE SUNDAY TIMES.—The advertisement of the publishers of the Chicago Times will be found in another column. It gives the reasons why that paper had a Sunday edition separate and distinct in all its details from the issue of the week days. It appears three hours earlier than it could if it had to wait for the mails from their Monday edition. Politics will be, for the most part, eschewed, and general and miscellaneous topics will be treated at greater length in their issue of next day issues.

ROBBED.—B. W. Cozzi, Esq., of our city, was robbed on Wednesday night last of his traveling bag, containing a handsome suit of clothing, toilet accompaniments, etc., valued at $150, stolen from the coach-room in town, in the railroad car, on going from Milwaukee to this city, while he was asleep. He is said to have left the bag in the car, where he had been making some purchases, and was seized by two ruffians, one of whom was dressed in the uniform of a soldier, and other grabbed a valuable mink muff from her hands and made off with it. The bag contained a great deal of value to the owner, and he is exceedingly anxious to get it back.

THE OCTOBER CAPTAIN BOYD THE MISSOURIAN.—Captain N. F. Webb of the steamer "Itasca," of the N. W. Packet Co., is now stopping at the Sherman House, and when we left his room he was busily engaged in writing. Captain Webb has served for nearly fifty years as a captain on the Mississippi river steamers and in that time has seen many changes in the boats that have known him, by his personality, ability and kindness of heart, to be the favorite of the traveling public. He is one of the sqaurest of square men.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—The remains of the late Mrs. Philip Carpenter, one of the earliest settlers in Chicago, and who has resided in this city since 1833, will arrive from Aurora by the Mendota Accommodation train at 9:45 this morning. They will be conveyed to the residence of her son-in-law, on Ogden street, corner of Loomis, where Rev. William W. Strong, D. D., will officiate at the funeral services, at the First Congregational Church, corner of West Washington street. Glenwood cemetery, where the remains will be laid at 11 o'clock this forenoon.

TEMPERANCE.—There will be a public meeting of the friends of the temperance reform, to be held this (Friday) evening, at the Lecture Room of the Clark street M. E. Church, at 7:30 o'clock. The object of the meeting is to create a revival of the work in the city. The first address will be delivered by D. P. Lyon, Esq., of this city, whose qualifications as an orator, and as one of the first speakers of the city have been tested. He will deliver short addresses. All are invited. Admission free.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—The regular monthly meeting of the Academy will be held on Friday evening, Feb. 16th, at 7½ o'clock, at the Academy rooms, corner of Wabash and Madison-sts.

The question of the permanent location of the Academy building will be again presented to the society.

SHORT SHRIFT.—Men having been convicted as to the location of the "Home" at the meeting held Dec. 18th, the Trustees have decided that it is useless to summon another unanimity of discussing the question further, and have

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The price of the pictures is $5 each (except the [illegible] portrait) as it was before, and when found necessary can readily be removed. We have seen several very fine specimens by J. Carhart, late well known photographer, No. 181, Lake st. All who call at No. 81 Lake st. will find customers courteous at all times.

THE WELLS STREET SHOOTING AFFRAY.—On the afternoon of Friday last an affray occurred at No. 84 Wells st. between a man named Dutch Annie, and another man known as Dutch Annie, and the other as Kate Freeman, other Annie Sullivan, which resulted in the latter receiving a severe, though not dangerous, cuts with a knife at the hands of Freeman. Annie Sullivan immediately after committing the deed, jumped into a hack that was passing, and escaped before the police could capture her. When information of the affair could be obtained, Annie Sullivan was not to be found, and was still at large. She is a woman of ill fame, and has been before the Police Court on several occasions. A warrant for her arrest was issued by the Police Court, however, after a hearing of the testimony of the injured girl and one or two other witnesses, she was committed to the county jail in default of good bail.

RAILWAY SERVICE RESTORED.—Since the South Side Railway Company have completed the repairs of persons named "warrants," robberies, confidence operations and gambling affairs are again becoming quite numerous. A handsome suit of clothing, costing [illegible] was taken from the room of a boarder at the Sherman House, on the night of the 10th inst., in the railroad car, on going from Milwaukee to this city, on Wednesday, which he had left in the car, where he had been making some purchases, and was seized by two ruffians, one of whom was dressed in the uniform of a soldier, and other grabbed a valuable mink muff from her hands and made off with it. The bag contained a great deal of value to the owner, and he is exceedingly anxious to get it back.

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